TI YEARDER TAN

ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY

History of a Remarkable Crime and the Pursuit and Punishment of the Criminals.

Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine,

p. m., with \$22,000 in \$50 and \$100 bills, in senger coaches, the train drew two express cars, the first for express only, just behind the engine, and following this, one for express and baggage. These cars had end doors, which offer the best opportunity to of this pass. train robbers. Messenger Nichols was in the first car, and was duly at his work when the train stopped at Joliet, a town about forty miles west of Chicago. But at the next stop, which was made at Morris, Harry Schwartz, a brakeman, came running from Nichola' car, crying: "The messenger is dead."

The messenger's lifeless body was found lying on the floor of the car. The head had been crushed by some heavy weapon, and there was a pistol wound in the right shoulder. Apparently he had been overcome only after a hard fight. His face was set with flerce determination. His fists were elenched. and the hands and fingers cut and scratched in a curious way, while under the nails were found what proved to be bits of human flesh. Tae pistol wound was from a wespen of 32 caliber. It evidently was not the cause of the man's death, but the blows of some blunt on, dealt probably after the shot was All who knew Messenger Nichols were surprised at the desperate resistance he seemed to have made, for he was a small, light man, not more than five feet five in height, nor weighing over 150 pounds, and of no great credit among his fellows for pluck

After the first cursory inspection no one was allowed to enter the car where Nichols lay, and nothing was known precisely as to the extent of the robbery. The safe door had been found open, and the floor of the car littered with the contents of the WIDE SEARCH REVEALED NOTHING.

An urgent telegram was at once sent to the Pinkertons at Chicago, and Mr. William in all directions along the country roads, and up and down the tracks. Hundreds of peojoined in the search, for the news of the murder spread rapidly through the whole region, and not a square yard of territory for miles between Morris and Minooka Station was left unexplored. It happened that the ground was covered with snow, but the keenest scrutiny failed to reveal any significant footprints, and the search parties returned after many hours, having made only a sin gle discovery. This was a mask found in a cattle guard near Mincoka—a mask made of black cloth, with white strings fastened at either side, one of which had been torn out of the cloth as if in a struggle

PINKERTON EXAMINES THE CAR. Meantime, Mr. Pinkerton himself entered the car and made a careful investigation. His a personal search for McCoy and his asso-first discovery was a heavy poker, bearing clates. With Frank Murray, one of the best stains of blood and bits of matted hair. It was hanging in its usual place, behind the stove. The significance of this last fact was great in Mr. Pinkerton's opinion; from it he concluded that the crime had been committed by a railroad man, his reasoning being that poker could have been restored to its place after such a use only mechanically, and from force of habit, and that an assailant who was not a railroad man would have left it on the floor or thrown it away.

Coming to the safe Mr. Pinkerton found papers had been hastily searched over, but left behind as valueless. Among these was a bundle of canceled drafts that had been roughly torn open and then thrown aside. scarcely noticed at the mo-

He said that while busy counting over his way-bills and receipts he had been startled the crash of broken glass in the ventilater overhead, and that at the same mo-ment, a heavily built man, wearing a black mask, had entered the car and said: you move, the man up there will bore you.'
Looking up, Watt said further, he saw a hand thrust through the broken glass and holding a revolver. Thus intimidated he made no attempt to give an alarm, and the masked man presently left him under guard of the pistol overhead, which covered him until shortly before the train reached Mort was withdrawn. He was able locate the place where the crime must have been committed, as he remembered Station when the stranger entered the car. robbery and escape.

and found that he had a clean record, was regarded as a trusty and efficient man, and three brothers who had been railroad men for years and had always given perfect Watt's good reputation and hand. For one thing, no footprints were found in the snow on the top of the car. BRAKEMAN SCHWARTZ' STORY.

Brakeman Schwartz, the only man on the had not yet been questioned. Mr. Pinkerton the next morning. He was fine-looking young fellow, about 27. with thin lips and a face that showed de termination. He was rather dapper in dress, and kept on his gloves during the conversation. Mr. Pinkerton received him pleasantly, and, after they had been smoking and chatting for an hour or so, he suggested to Schwartz that he would be more comfortable with his gloves off. Schwartz accordingly removed his gloves, and revealed red marks of his hands, such as might we been made by finger nails digging into hurt your hands,

"How did you hart your hands,
Schwartz?" asked Mr. Pinkerton.
"Oh, I did that handling baggage night
before last," explained Schwartz, and then
he related incidentally that as he was on his
way back to Chicago, the conductor of the
train, Conductor Danforth, had discovered
a value left by somehody in conductor. value left by somehody in one of the filet rooms. Later in the day, Mr. Pinkerton summened the conductor, who said that the vallse was an old one, of no value; and, having no contents, he had thrown it out an ash pile. The only thing he had found value was a piece of paper that attracted his attention, because it was marked

with red lines.

Examining this piece of paper carefully. Mr. Pinkerton saw that it had been tern from a mency draft, and at once thought of the package in the express messenger's safe. Now, it is a remarkable fact that no human power can tear two pieces of paper in exactly the same way; the ragged fibres will only fit perfectly when the two original parts are brought together. There remained no doubt, when this test was made in the present case, that the piece of paper found on Conductor Danforth's eastbound train had been torn from the draft in the express car robbed the night before on a westbound train. The edges fitted, the red lines cor-

On March 12, 1886, the through express on | following the murder. The value was found the Rock Island road left Chicago at 10:45 on the ash heap where the conductor had the rock Island road left Chicago at 10:45 thrown it, and, in the course of the next few p. m., with \$22,000 in \$50 and \$100 bills, is days, the detectives had located or accounted for all the passengers on Conductor Danmessenger in the United States express com-pany. This sum had been sent by a Chicago man who had ridden on a free pass. The bank to be delivered at the principal bank of conductor could only recall this man's fea-Davenport, Ia. In addition to the usual pas-tures vaguely; and, while some of the pas-sengers remembered him well enough, there was no clew to his name or identity. A: It appeared that no other of the passenger. could have been connected with the crime, efforts were redoubled to discover the holder

> THE PLUNKETT THEORY. So great was the public interest in

crime and the mystery surrounding it, that three separate, well organized investigations were undertaken. The Rock Island railroad officials, with their detectives, ducted one; a Chicago newspaper, the Daily News, with its detectives, the other; and the Pinkertons, in the interest of the United States Express company, a third.
Mr. Pinkerton, as we have seen, concluded

that the crime had been committed by railway men. The railway officials were naturally disinclined to believe ill of their employes, and an incident occurred about this time which turned the investigation in an entirely new direction, and made them the more disposed to discredit Mr. Pinkerton's theory. This was the receipt of a etter from a convict in the Michigan penitentiary, named Plunkett, who wrote the Rock island railroad officials, saying that he could furnish them with important in-

Mr. St. John, the general manager of the road, went in person to the penitentiary to take Plunkett's statement, which was in effect that he knew the men who had com-The express car was immediately detached from the train and left at Morris, guarded by all the train crew except Schwartz, who was sent on with the train to Davenport.

The train and left at Morris, guarded by all the train crew except Schwartz, who was sent on with the train to Davenport.

This they promised to do, if his story proved come in from the west and lay over at Davenberg and the stain to Davenport. This they promised to do, if his story proved true, and Plunkett then to'd them of a plot that had been worked out a year or so be-fore, when he had been "grafting" with a "mob" of pickpockets at county fairs. There were with him at that time "Butch" Mc-Coy, James Connors (known as "Yellowhammer"), and a man named "Jeff." whose streame he did not know. These three men. Plunkett said, had planned an express robbery on the Rock Island road, to be Pinkerton, with a force of detectives, arrivad cuted in precisely the same way, and at at Morris on a special train a few hours precisely the same point on the road, as in later. Search partls were at once sent out the case in question.

EDITOR TURNS DETECTIVE. The story was plausible and won Mr. St. John's belief. It won the belief, also, of Mr. Melville E. Stone of the Daily News; and forthwith, the railway detectives, working with the newspaper detectives, were instructed to go ahead on new lines, regardless of trouble or expense. Their first endeavor was to capture "Butch" McCoy, the leader of the gang, "Butch" was a pickpocket, burglar and all around thief, started east he did not travel alone. His

The police in various cities having been communicated with to no purpose, Mr. Stone finally decided to do a thing the like of which no newspaper proprietor, perhaps, ever undertook before, that is, start out on detectives in Chicago, and other detectives, he went to Galesburg, where the gang was said to have a sort of headquarters. The party found there none of the men they were after, but they learned that "Thatch" Grady, a notorious criminal with whom "Butch" McCoy was known to be in relations, was in

Among these was SEARCH AS FAR AS NEW ORLEANS. The method of locating a criminal in a great city is as interesting as it is little understood. The first step is to secure from the ment, but had occasion to remember sub-sequently, that a small piece of one of these haunts of criminals of the class under purdrafts was missing, as if a corner had been suit, paying special regard in the preliminary torn off. All the train hands were immediately theves, even more than honest men, are questioned, but none of their stories were in any way significant, except that of Newton Watt, the man in charge of the second car, agency of women. With so much of such information in their possession as they could gather. Mr. Stone and his detectives spent their time in likely resorts, picking up acquaintance with frequenters; and, whenever possible, turning the talk adroitly upon the man they were looking for. It is a mistake to suppose that in work like this detectives disguise themselves. False beards and moustaches, goggles and lightning changes of are never heard of except in pages of badly informed story writers. In his experience of over twenty-five years Mr. Murray never wore such a disguise, nor knew of any reputable detective who did. In the characters and general style of the per that the engine was whistling for Minooka sons they were thrown with; passing for men of sporting tastes of the east, and, This left about thirty minutes for the mur- ing satisfied the people they met that they meant no harm, they had no difficulty in obtaining such news of McCoy and the others Returning to Chicago, Mr. Pinkerton in-estigated the character of the man Watt, as there was. Unfortunately this was not

After going from one city to another various clews, hearing of one member of the gang here and another there, and in each instance losing their man, the detectives in his favor, and yet there was something had spent five or s'x weeks of time and a large amount of money, only to find them-selves absolutely without a clew as to the whereabcuts of the men they were pursuing. They were much discouraged when a telegram fr m Mr. Pinkerton told them that gram fr m Mr. Pinkerton told them that art (for art it is) of seeing without being "Butch" McCoy was back in Galesburg, where they had first sought him. Proceeding thither with all disasters him. "deadheaded" his way, in railway parlance, back from Davenport the following night on Conductor Danforth's train, and reported to McCoy into a saloon, and there three of McCoy into a saloon, and there three of John Smith representing the Rock Island railroad, John McGinn for the Pinkerton agency, and Frank Murray working for Mr. Stone, with drawn revolvers, captured him in spite of a desperate dash he made to

McCov's capture was the occasion of much felicitation among the people interested in the matter. Mr. St. John and Mr. Stone were several "shadows" to be thrown off the trail onfident that now the whole mystery of the express robbery would be solved and the murderers convicted. But McCoy showed on trial that he had left New Orleans to orth only the night before the murder and had spent the whole of that night on the Central railroad. It also appeared that McCoy's associate, Connors, was in jail at the time of the robbery, and that the man "Jeff" was dead. Thus the whole Plunket was exploded.

SHADOWING SCHWARTZ. Some time before this the man who had ridden on the free pass, and given the detectives so much trouble, had been accidentally found by Jack Mullins, a brakeman on Conductor Danforth's train. He proved to be an advertising solicitor, employed by no other than Mr. Mclville E. Stone, who would have given \$1.000 to know what his agent keenductor bring out the value of the news in his possession, and Mr. Pinkerton took good care to the whole story would have been blazoned firth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the whole story would have been blazoned firth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the whole story would have been blazoned firth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the whole story would have been blazoned firth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the whole story would have been blazoned firth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the whole story would have been blazoned firth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the whole story would have been blazoned firth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the whole story would have been blazoned for the murder would have taken warning to the committing a worse crime. The Philadelphia who where the real owners, which is a work of the train out from Chicago detuning of and was finally served to the first of all and in the felavoir of and surface or the columns and the money taken in the fellowing was to defray the expenses of the frial and to pay the other whole story would have been blazoned first in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the man and the man and the columns are the came to gettle and all side that the money over the salies containing the and the solumn the fellowing the collective the money over the was su Some time before this the man who had

car robbed the night before on a westbound train. The edges fitted, the red lines corresponded, and unquestionably some one had brought that piece of paper from the one connected with the crime of the previous night had ridden back to Chicago ductor Danforth's passengers. And yet the twenty-four hours later with Conductor Danforth's passengers. And yet the Mr. Pinkerton at once ordered a search made for the missing value, and also an inquiry regarding the passengers who had ridden on Conductor Danforth's train between Davenport and Chicago, on the night of came to getting a splend d'scoop" on the whole city and country.

The identification of the pass holder removed the hast pessibility that the values was there? In the description of committing a worse crime. The Philadelphia wife and child were taken on to Chicago, and Schwartz was placed under arrest, charged with bigany.

Mr. Pinkerton went to the jail at once, and wishing to keep Schwartz's confidence as far as possible, assured him that this arrest was not his work at all, but that of Detectives Smith and Murray, who were as Schwartz. The Major in the course of their examination two of the passengers had testified to having seen Schwartz enter the toilet room during the run. Brakemen Jack Mullins stated that he had been in the same room twice that night, that the second time he had noticed the value.

in first. Other witnesses in the car were positive that the person who entered the room last before the time when Mullins saw the valise was Schwartz. Thus the chain of proof was tightening, and Mr. Pinkerton sent for Schwartz SCHWARTZ AFFECTS TO PLAY DETEC-

After talking with the brakeman in a semi-confidential way for some time, the detective began to question him about Watt, his fellow trainman. Schwartz said he was a good fellow, and, in general, spoke highly of him. Mr. Pinkerton seemed to hesitate a little, and

"Can I trust you, Schwartz?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, the fact is, I am a little suspiciou of Wait. You see, his story about that hand overhead does not exactly hang together. I on't want to do him any wrong, but he must be looked after. Now my idea is to have you go about with him as much as you can, see if he meets any strangers or spends much money, and let me know whatever happens. Will you do it?"

Schwartz readily consented on the assur ance that the railroad people would give him leave of absence. The next day he re-ported that Watt had met a man who were a slouch hat, had unkempt red hair, and in general looked like a border ruffan. He had overheard the two talking together in a saols in great detail, showing a remarkable familiarity with the whole affair. Schwartz had a sort of Jesse James theory (which he seemed anxious to have accepted) that the crime had been committed by a gang of

Mr. Pinkerton listened with interest to all making it plain that the red-haired desperado was a myth, and that no such meeting as Schwartz described had taken place. Nevertheless, professing to be well pleased with Schwartz's efforts, Mr. Pinkerton sent him out to track the fabulous desperado. Schwartz continued to render false reports. Finally, without a word to arouse his suspicion, he was allowed to resume his work on the rail-

enport on the same days that Schwartz and Watt laid over there, coming in from the east. Jones played his part clevery, and was soon on intimate terms with Schwartz and Watt, taking his meals at their boardand wart, taking his means at their boarding house and sleeping in a room adjoining theirs. They finally came to like him so well that they suggested his trying to get a transfer to their "run," between Davenport and Chicago. This was successfully arranged, and then the three men were together constantly, Jones even going to board at Schwartz's house in Chicago. About this time Schwartz began to talk of giving up railroad work and going to live in Kansas or the far west. It was arranged that Jones should join him and Mrs. Schwartz on a western trip. Meantime, Schwartz applied to the company for leave of absence, on the plea that he wished to arrange some family matters in Philadelphia.

whose operations kept him traveling all every movement was watched and reported, over the United States. day or night, during an absence of several weeks in New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities.

THE ART OF "SHADOWING."

To one unfamiliar with the resources and organization of a great detective system ncomprehensible how continuous "shadow-ing," day after day and week after week, through thousands of miles of journeyings, can be accomplished. The matter is made none the simpler when you know that there must be a change of "shadows" every day. However adroit the detective, his continued presence in a locality would soon arouse sus-picion. The daily change of "shadows" is easy when the man under watch remains in one place, for then it is only necessary to send a bed" the night before. But it is very different when the subject is constantly traveling about on boats or railways, and perhaps sleeping in a different town each night. Without the network of agencies, including large and the network of agencies, including large and touch he would brush her off roughly the network of agencies. flight would be impossible. As it is, nothing is easier. Schwartz, for instance, spent several days in Buffalo, where his actions were reported hour by hour, until he bought his ticket for Philadelphia. As he took the train a fresh "shadow" took it too, securing a section in the same sleeping car with him and taking his meals at the same time Schwartz took his, either in the dining car or at stations. No sooner had the train left the station than the Pinkerton representatives in Buffalo reported by cipher dispatch to bureau in Philadelphia, whither Schwartz was going. The exact form of the dispatch, which well illustrates a system in use in the

which well illustrates a system in use in the Pinkerton bureaus, was as follows:

R. J. Linden, 441 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.: Anxious shoes sucker Brown marbles other than dropping eight arrives put grand fifty marbles articles along or derby coat ship very tan seer wearing these have and is ribbon ink dust central Tuesday for dust to rice hat and paper vest yellow ink get must fewelry morning depot on.

D. ROBERTSON.

In dispatches of this sort important information regarding criminals is constantly formation regarding criminals is constantly flashing over the wires, with no danger of

Thus, from one city to another, and through every part of the country, any criminal may be "shadowed" today as Schwartz was "shadowed" eight years ago, one set of detectives relieving another every twenty-four hours. and the man's every word and action be carefully noted down and reported without his having the faintest suspicion that he is under observation. The task of "shadowing" a person who is traversing city streets is entrusted to men especially skilled in the one keeping in advance, one in the rear, and two on either side. The advantage of this is that one relieves the other by change of po-sition, thus lessening the chance of discovery, An adroit criminal might outwit at once. one "shadow," but he could scarcely outwit four. A "shadow" on coming into a new town with a subject reveals himself to the arranged signal, like the handkerchief held in the left hand

The result of the "shadowing" Schwartz's case was conclusive. No was the brakeman out of Chicago than he began spending money far in excess of his He bought fine furniture, expensive clothing, articles of jewelry, presents for his

of committing a worse crime. The Philadel-phia wife and child were taken on to Chi-

could to befriend Schwartz. did sonot appear alarmed, and r to be said that latter did ... Philadelphia lawyer was coming on to defend him. The lawyer did come a few days later, when a bond for \$2,000 was furnished for Schwartz's respiparance, and he was set at liberty. Mathers had gone so far, however, that it was not considered safe to leave Schwartz out of fall, and he was immediately

rearrested, on the charge of murder.

Whether because of long preparation for this ordeal, or because he was a man of strong character, Schwartz received this blow without the slightest show of emotion, and went back into the jail as coolly as he had come out. He merely requested that he might have an interview with his wife as soon as possible. MRS. SCHWARTZ COMES IN THE CASE

Mr. Pinkerton had evidence enough against Schwartz to furnish a strong presumption of guilt, but it was all circumstantial, and, be side, it did not involve Newton Watt, whose complicity was more than suspected. From the first Mr. Pinkerton had been carefully conciliatory of the later Mrs. Schwartz. At just the right moment, and by adroit management, he got her under his direction, and by taking a train with her to Morris, and then on the next morning taking another train back to Chicago, he succeeded in pre-venting her from getting the advice of her husband's lawyer, who was meantime making the same double journey on pursuing trains toon on Cottage Grove avenue, where the the same double journey on pursuing trains stranger had discussed the murder of Nich- with the design of cautioning her against speaking to Mr. Pinkerton. She had come to regard Mr. Pinkerton more as a protector than as an enemy, and he, during the hours they were together, used every device to draw from her some damaging admission western desperadoes, and that this fellow was connected with them. He told her that the evidence against he husband, although serious in its character Mr. Pinkerton listened with interest to all this, but was less edified than Schwartz imagined, since two of his most trusted "shadows," who had been following Schwartz, had given him reports of the latter's movements, was not, in his opinion, sufficient to establish his guilt. He told her of the bills found in Schwartz's possession, of the torn piece ows," who had been following Schwartz, had given him reports of the latter's movements, was not, in his opinion, sufficient to establish his guilt. He told her of the bills found in Schwartz's possession, of the torn piece of the draft taken from the valies, of the given him reports of the latter's movements, was not, in his opinion, sufficient to establish his guilt. He told her of the bills found in Schwartz's possession, of the torn piece of the draft taken from the valies, of the list had been cabled from England the night before, and special editions of the New York All this, he said, proved that Schwartz had some connection with the robbery, but not that he had committed the murder, or done more than assist Watt, whom Mr. Pinkerton professed to regard as the chief criminal. The only hope of saving her husband now be impressed upon her, was for her to make a plain statement of the truth, and trust that he would use this in her husband's in-After listening to all that he said, and try

> under one of the seats on Conductor Danforth's train, on the night of his return to Chicago. He had kept this mency, and used it for his own purposes, but had been guilty of no other offense in the matter. Mrs. Schwartz stuck resolutely to this statement and would admit nothing further.
>
> Believing that he had drawn from her as nuch as he could, Mr. Pinkerton now accompanied Mrs. Schwartz to the jail, where she was to see her husband. The first words she said on entering the room where he was were, "Harry, I have told Mr. Pinkerton the whole truth. I thought that was the best way, for he is your friend. I told him about your finding the \$5,000 under the seat of the car, and that was all you had to do far, with the business." DOUBLE CONFESSION.

ng in many ways to evade the main ques-ion, Mrs. Schwartz at last admitted to Mr.

Pinkerton that her husband had found a package containing \$5,000 of the stolen money

Schwartz gave his wife a terrible glance as she said this, and for the first time his emotions nearly betrayed him. However, he braced himself up, and only admitted in a laughed over it, and all went merrily all general way that there was some truth in what his wife had said. He refused positive an especially good run, 477, 481, tively to go into details, seemed very nervous, and almost finmediately asked to be alone with his wife. Mr. Pinkerton had been expecting this, and was prepared for it. He realized the shock that would be caused in Schwartz's mind by his wife's unexpected confession, and counted on this to lead to further admissions. It was, therefore, of the highest importance that credible witnesses should overhear all that transpired in the interview between Schwartz and his wife. With this end in view, the room where the nterview was to take place had been arranged so that a number of witnesses could see and hear, without their presence being suspected, and the sheriff of the county, a leading merchant, and a leading banker of the town were waiting there in readiness. As soon as the door had closed and the usband and wife were left alone, Schwartz exclaimed:

"Yuo fool, you have put a rope around 'You ought to know better than to trust anybody.'

The man walked back and forth, a prey to the most violent emotions, his wife trying At each affectionat small bureaus, that the Pinkertons have curse, and go on pacing back and forth gradually established all over the United States, the "shadowing" of a man in rapid "What did you do with that coat, the one

under the whole wood pile."

They continued to talk for over an hour, referring to the murder and robbery repeat-edly, and furnishing evidence enough to es-tablish beyond any question the guilt of both Schwartz and Watt. Meantime, Watt had been arrested in Chi-

cago, also charged with murder, and in several examinations had showed signs of break ing down and confessing, but in each instance had recovered himself and said nothing. The evidence of Schwartz himself, however the interview at the jall, taken with the mass of other evidence that had accumulated. was sufficient to secure the conviction of both men, who were condemned, at the till, to life imprisonment in the Joliet pentientiary. They would undoubtedly have been hanged, but for the conscientious scruples of one juryman, who did not believe in capital punishment. Watt has since died, and Schwartz is now regarded as a model prisoner, his case being peculiar in this—that since he has been in the penitentiary, nearly eight years now, he has never received a letter, paper, or any communication from the outside world. MRS. SCHWARTZ'S CONFESSION.

About a year after the trial, Schwartz's Chicago wife died of consumption. On her death bed she made a full confession to Superintendent Robertson of the Pinkerton force. She said that her husband's mind had been inflamed by the constant reading of sensational literature of the dime novel order, and that under this evil influence he had planned the robbery, believing that it would be easy to intimidate a weak little man like Nichols and escape with the money without harming him. Nichols, however, had fought like at its part of the sense of t fought like a tiger up and down the car, and had finally forced them to kill him. In the little else to do. Where a criminal like Schwartz, upon whose final capture much depends, is being followed, two, three or even four "shadows" are employed simultaneously, one keeping in advance, one in the rear signal and maily forced them to kill him. In fight he had torn off the mask that Mrs. Schwartz had made out of one of her husband's old coats. It was Watt who fired the pistol, while Schwartz used the poker. Schwartz had given Watt \$5,000 of the stoler money, and had kept the rest himself. H had carried the money away in an old satche bought for the purpose. A most unusual place of concealment had been chosen, and one where the money had escaped discovery. one where the money had escaped discovery, although on several occasions, in searching the house, the detectives had litterally held it in their hands. Schwartz had taken a quantity of the cartridges he bought for his shot gun, and emptying them, had put in each shell one of the \$50 or \$100 bills, upon which he had then loaded in the powder and the shot in the usual way, so that the shells presented the ordinary appearance as they lay in the drawer. The detectives had even picked out some of the shells; but, finding them so like jother cartridges, had never though of probing clear to the bottom of the though of probing clear to the bottom of the shells for a crumpled-up bill. Thus about \$13,000 lay for weeks in these

Praparing for the Emergency. Chicago Record: The Corporation Magate-Is my carriage ready? Servant-Yes, sir.

The Magnate-And the secret back door is Servant-Yes, sir. Magnate-And the special train standng all ready at the station?

Servant-Yes, sir. The Magnate-All right. Now let them their bailiff. I'm ready to be sub-

ON THE OCEAN IN A BLIZZARD

OMATES TRAITS BEE

Exciting Story of the Storm Told by a Tentonic Passenger.

Monster Atlantic Greybound Driven Seventy Miles to Ten Hours by the Gale-Sights that Would Have Satisfled Oscar Wilde.

DARING RESCUE OF NINE FROZEN SAILORS

Rev. A. Holden Byles, who is on his way from England to visit his son in this city, was a passenger on the White Star steamship Teutonic, which had such a terrible experience in the blizzard outside New York harbor His description of the manner in which their hopes of a record passage were shattered after they had almost seen the soil of America and the exciting rescue of the shipwrecked crew from the Josio Reeves, while the storm was still raging and the little craft was rapidly sinking in the angry seas, forms a valuable addition to the press dispatches on the subject. He writes:

We left Liverpool at 10 p. m. January 39, and reached Queenstown at 10 a. m. the next day. We were greeted with the ghastly news of the sinking of the Elbe and the loss before, and special editions of the New York papers had prepared the public to fear that a similar fate had overtaken us. When we took our last look of Europe and plunged forward into the great Atlantic there

was nothing to indicate the experiences through which we were to pass. We had beautiful sunshine and a calm sea, and as we paced the promenade deck and watched the leisurely roll of the long Atlantic waves we congratulated one another on having left behind the worst of the weather, Friday morning spened with brilliant sunshine, but the face of the sea had changed, though its appearance was rather that of rollicking good humor than of angry discontent. There was what the sailors call a "confused sea," which gave our good ship an uneasy roll, and made walking only possible at an angle of 45 de grees. It was not long, however, before it confusion became worse confounded; the wind which blew from the southeast, gradually increased to a gale, which continued for two Still it was behind us, and we could days. run before it; we speke of our good fortune and pictured to ourselves how terrible it would be if we had to face it. Two days later that picture became a reality, and under severer and crueller conditions under any we had imagined. So however our voyage was attended with but little discomfort and no peril. Now and then some great mountain wave would catch us in the rear and sweep our upper decks, fifty feet above the sea, from stern to stem, a few passengers got a ducking, and laughed over it, and all went merrily along until Monday evening. Each day's log chronand 488 miles, which seemed to promise a quick passage and a certain landing early on Wednesday morning. We had safely passed the great Newfoundland banks without fog, and our difficulties seemed to be over.

Not that we had had a smooth passage,

from it. Our soup was always spilled by the rolling of the ship, our plates glided ently away from us when not firmly held, water bottles were pitched upon sleepers durng the dead of night, and all the loose ar-icles in our cabins were tossed from side to hot potions, while our brave captain had reng the dead of night, and all the loose arside like shuttles in a loom. But we were mained, with true Spartan heroism, at his getting on and enjoying ourselves in the compost of duty, never having left the bridge getting on and enjoying ourselves in the com-panionship, which was made all the freer and friendlier by these little annoyances. FIRST SIGN OF STORM.

But while we were counting our chickens nature was hatching those of angrier brood, I noticed strange electric lights on the water, which gave it a weird, wild look, as I left the deck at 10 o'clock on Monday night to must be growing increasingly anxious. We Watt's and my neck!"

"Why, Harry, I had to tell him something, he knew so much. You can trust him."

which gave it a weird, wild look, as I left the deck at 10 o'clock on Monday night to the eye of the could imagine the many heartsinkings as the knew so much. You can trust him." andsman it was a sublime sight, and nothing more. About 2 a. m. broad, quick flashes of ightning illumined a wild and angry sea, and revealed something of the storm that was met us full in the face, and even to those who were below it was evident that something was wrong with the weather. Sleep was no longer possible, and many were found long in the middle, or even the bottom, of the before daybreak peering curiously through the vindows of the companion way to know what t was. To go out upon the was out of the question, even had it been allowed. One of our poor sailors was hurled upon the winch by the hurricane and his leg o terribly crushed that it was feared ampu tation would be necessary. Every hatchmen Round us was a boiling sea of seething

was closed, but from the windows we looked out upon a scene, the awful grandeur of which it is seldom the lot of any to witness. angry feam, rising into huge mountains hanging over us at times fully fifty feet above, and then hurling themselves upon us with all their rage at a speed of a hundred miles an hour. The papers have been full of the accounts of this storm and blizzard, as it was known upon land, and we learn now that it was one of phenomenal severity. It and an area of 1,600 miles, with a wind force of seventy miles an hour, as compared with but fifty miles in the historic blizzard of 1888. It was one of those tropical electric storms which are generated in the West Indies and which devlop most force and resistance on the western edge of the Gulf stream, the very part of the Atlantic in which we en-If it be a fact that we have "no weather in

England, but only samples," we prefer the To drive our ship through a hurricane like that would have been almost certain dis-aster. It was an unpleasant alternative to have to break the proud record of the Teu-

tonic for a quick passage, but our brave and skillful captain, true to his responsibility to to face it, and for forty hours he stood by, simply holding her head to the wind and giving us a pace of about two knots the hour. Yet so bravely did our good ship ride upon that storm that there was scarcely one mo-ment of anxiety on the part of the passen-gers; "How well she behaves" was the word that fell from every lip, and it was not till we reached port that we learned that orders had been given to launch the lifeboats at a

noment's notice ARCTIC SEA, BUT TROPICAL STORM. But we had not yet seen the worst. Wednesday morning brought a new terror. The temperature had fallen terror. The temperature had fallen rapidly and we were in an arctic sea with a tropical storm. The strong westerly gale caught each wave and lifted it in clouds of spray, which, being instantly frozen, swept our gangways with clouds of ice, settling on the spars and rigging and sides settling on the spars and rigging and sides of the ship and coating her as thickly as though in the midst of an Arctic voyage. I met our second mate coming from his four ours' watch on the quarter deck, as merry good-humored a fellow as every stepped, and lespite his suffering his humor broke out with the remark, "Ah, sir! It's terrible

if not greater peril, awaited us n the following day.
Oscar Wilde was disappointed with the Atlantic. He might have had occasion to change his mind had he seen it from the deck of the Teutonic on that Friday morning. "You may cross the Atlantic for twenty years," said our chief officer, "and never see a sight like this." The log put up on Thursday noon showed but 136 miles to Sandy Hook, and by 6 p. m. we had knocked off all but about a

the midst of the storm, the peril of which was ing us to an early breakfast in preparation increased by an impenetrable mist. Our capincreased by an impenetrable mist. Our cap-tain wisely decided that discretion would be the better part of valor, and for the first time the Tentonic beat a retreat. It would have been foolhardy to have faced such a hurricane under such conditions, and accordingly our ship's head was turned to the south. After ten hours it was found that the sheer force of the wind had drawn the huge vessel no less than seventy miles.
This continued during Thursday night, and

at the beginning of our adventures. Just be

our sleep was disturbed by strange sounds heard afterwards were caused by the working of the winch to keep it from freezing, the sound of men everhead hacking away the ice and shoveling the snow from gangway, accompanied by the uncarthly groun of the foghorn SNOWED UP ON THE OCEAN.

As soon as it was light I touched the button of the electric bell. "Where are we, steward?" "Don't know sir." "What's the matter?" "You should go on deek, sir; there are tons of snow on deek, sir," he replied, in his English, deferential manner. This was cheerful. One had heard of being snowed up on a train, but to be snowed up on the Atlantic was something quite novel. Being well fortified inside with a substantial break fast of porridge, salmon steak and mutton chops, and well padded outside with my heavy ulster of Irish frieze, snow shees and Labrador gauntlets, I went on deck. It was a sight such as few have seen. The snow had ceased to fall, but a dense vapory mist swep the whole sea. It was not an ordinary but simply a dense vapor generated by hig er temperature of he water, which, leins instantly frozen, was driven upon the shi by the strong westerly gale in showers of fine ice. The thermometer stood at 4 degree below zero, having risen four degrees durin the last hour. Every rod and rail and spa was covered with a fringe several inche deep, and great snow heaps lay still upor the poop. We were then partially covered by land, and the waves were small compared with what they would have been in the ope Atlantic, but still they looked like a serie

though the grandeur of the scene passes de It was evident there was no hope of reach ing port. We could simply go on as we has n for the last fifteen hours, moving slowl backwards and forwards, like the France, who marched his army up the hill and then he marched them down again. There was nothing for it but to make our selves as cheerful as we could under the cir cumstances, and all the Mark Tapleyism of our natures had to be called into full play. We had among our passengers some who were visiting the states on lecturing tours, and it was sug that they should favor us with full rehearsals. There were proposals of tableaux vivants, etc.; it was even suggested that a discourse on bimetalliem might be endurable under such circumstances. One true benefactor to his species entertained us several times with Grossmith's "Baby on the Shore," but even that could not go on forever.

of mountain ridges, their tops being clea

but their valleys shrouded in the ice mist One's beard and mustache froze as hard a

nails, and it was impossible to stay on deck

NO ARTIFICIAL HEAT. The cold was intense; not having the steam for purposes of locomotion, we could not have it for purposes of heating. The salcon, library and companion way were like ice houses the smeking room was the only place it which the temperature could be raised by artificial heat, and some of us did our utmost to keep the "pipes" always going. But what was discomfort to the passengers was crue suffering to many of the crew. in the crow's nest had to endure two hours at a stretch in that fearful position, and the since 4 p. m. on the previous day, though both his nose and cheek were frostbitten. Since landing we have learned that he has lost the sight of one of his eyes. There was another serious side to our po-

sition. We were now forty-eight hours over due, and we knew that friends on shore "No News of the Teutonic." half an hour of the telegraph station. Given thirty minutes of clear way, and tidings could have been flashed to Europe and Amerbrewing. The gale, which had blown from could have been flashed to Europe and Amer-the northeast, wheeled suddenly round and ca which would have set at rest many and anxious fear. There was no hope that we had been spoken; our friends little knew of in the middle, or even the bottom, of the Atlantic, and the ghastly news which greeted them and us on the day of our arrival at Queenstown of the wreck of the Eibe would not tend to lessen their anxietles. were comfortably seated in a gilded salour enjoying a sumptuous repast, chatting in the library, or joining in the hilarity of the smoking room, what would we not have given for that power of telepathy, so interesting as scientific speculation, so useless as a practica aid. "If Spooks Could Come to the Atlantic might be a profitable subject for Mr. Stead's next book. It would certainly have comforted many a one among us to have been able to send assuring tidings by some such ghostly

> At 1:30, just as we were sitting down to lunch, there were signs that the fog was liftng, and in a quarter of an hour we were making full speed for Sandy Hook. Surely now we should be able to cable our safety, if not to land that night.

RESCUE OF NINE FROZEN SAILORS. But there was still another adventure in store, and this one put the crown and flowers upon our whole voyage. Within an hour of our fresh start, i. c., at 2:30 p. m., we sighted a schooner half a mile away, flying the stars and stripes upside down. It was a signal of distress. As we came nearer we signal of distress. found she was half filled with water and at times she was completely under the wayes. Five or six men stood on the deck waving their garments and shouting frantically.

Our gallant captain at once gave orders t killful captain, true to his responsibility to bear up to her and called for volunteers to consider first the safety of his crew, refused man the lifeboat. The blizzard was raging at its worst; preparation was made to lower the starboard boat, but the keen frost had made every rope as hard as a red of iron every few yards blocks of ice had to be hacked away and fully half an hour was spent in getting her fleated. Six of our men instantly epped into her and endeavored to reach th sinking ship. For half an hour they battlet with that fearful storm amid the intenses excitement of passengers and crew, length they were obliged to put back, two of them being so severely frostbitten that they were unable to proceed. Another crew was found and a second attempt was made but only to share the same fate; it was im-possible to make more than a few yards igainst such wind and wave. The school all this time had her trysall set to keep her head to the wind, but the force of the wind drove her from us and at times the was al-most lost to sight. For two hours we careened around her, until at length we came so near that our captain shouted to them to "put down the trysall" and "get the boats along side." Meantime the Teutonic swepround and made a barrier between the sinking scheoner and the waves, the men put out their two dories and leapt into ther It was a fearful sight, their boa careened like cockleshells as they we ifted mountains high and then plunged int the abyss. After a quarter of an hour of almost breathless excitement, one of the boat was got alongside and secured by a rope life belts were flung over and four men we saved. There were yet five men in the second boat, and at one time it seemed as though we should lose them, the poor fellows habeen twenty hours half submerged in the ley water and exposed to the biting cold It says much for human endurance that they were able to pull at all. But pull they die and, amid ringing cheers, three times re peated for brave and noble Captain Cam con, the whole of the nine men were safely hauled up the side of our ship and sat car fully tended in the hospital of the Teutoni We had passed through storm and peril brough which we had been mercifully saved, but the flower of our adventures was the savng of the crew of the Josle Reeves. Our joy n our own salvation added the keenest zest our joy in being able to mave others, and think every one of us felt intensely thankof that the atorm, which made us two days ate, threw this opportunity in our way.
It was now too late to reach Quarantine that night, and at 7:30 p. m., our anchor was dropped amid the cheers of the passengers few miles of it. At last we thought we were who were seated at dinner. We had passed out of our troubles; every one began to pack | Fire island at about 5:30 p. in., and hope

up, and prepared to land early the next we had been sighted and news of our safety morning. It seems now as if we were only cabled to both continents, but as we afterwards learned, the signalman was unable to distinfore dawn a "change came c'er the spirits guish us in the fog. The tenth night was of our dreams," and once more our hopes spent on board at rest, and at 7 a. m. the were to be dashed. We had come again into bugle boys blew their cheerful blast, summon-

> It was a strange sight that greeted us as we entered that beautiful New York harbor. The river seemed one mass of ice, and it seemed impossible that we could force our way up. Slowly, however, we were able to steam along, with our good ship encased in tee and snow, and at 11:30 on Saturday morning, after one of the most memorable voyages ever made by one of the great Atantic liners, we came alongside the dock of the White Star company. A crowd of anxous watchers awaited our arrival, and we disembarked amid ringing cheers. The ter-rible news of storm and disaster that reached us, and the uncertainty of the fate of La Gascogne filled us with devout thankful-ness to Him who "holds the waters in the of His hand," that our's had been a happier lot. Humanly speaking, it is to our brave and suffering captain and the splendid ship he commanded, that we owe our safety.

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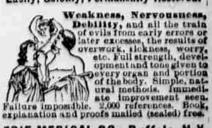
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